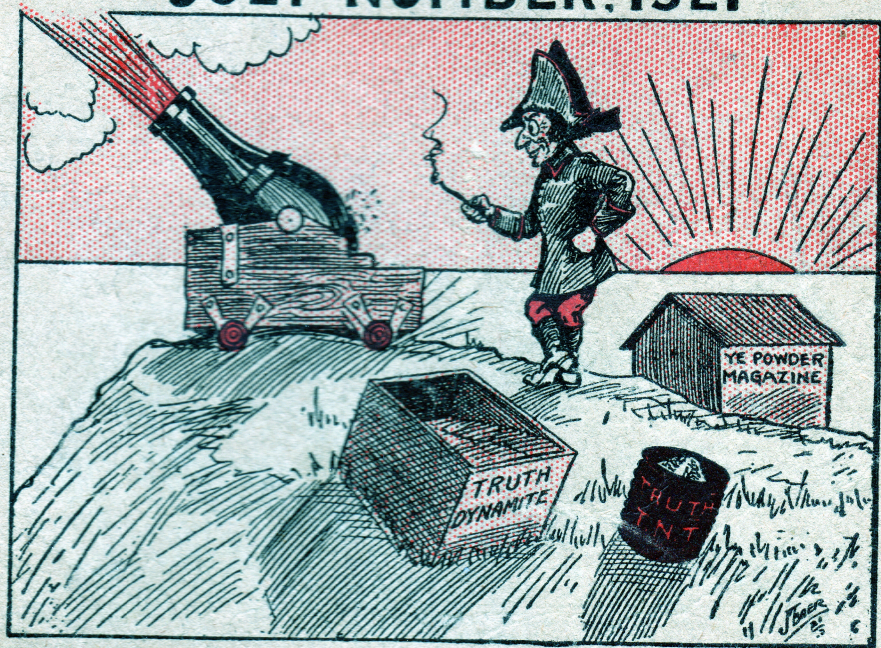


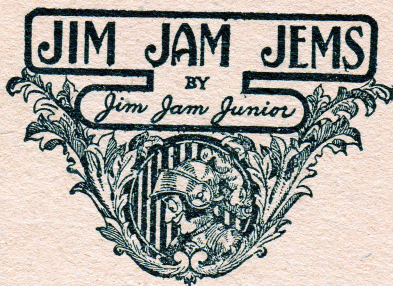
Jim Jam Jems

BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

JULY NUMBER, 1921



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH



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Bismarck, North Dakota


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HOA Emma! We're getting alfred tired and pretty much out o' sorts over all the slander, the knocking, the misrepresentation and the damphool propaganda that has been spread throughout the length and breadth of the land about North Dakota and its political mixup. We want to call a halt right here and now while we tell you its all a tempest in a teapot. Why, down in Minneapolis last month—whither we went on a short business jaunt—no less than a score of business and professional men spoke to us confidentially and very patronizingly about our awful condition in North Dakota. They sympathized with us because of the supposed fact that radicalism is rampant here and our state is in the control of Reds. And at that very minute it seemed that almost every business man in the city of Minneapolis and all the women forces and societies and organizations were ranting

and wailing and rushing 'round in circles in what looked like a futile attempt to head off the radicals in their campaign to elect one of the fiercest and reddest Socialists in America as Mayor of their city. The city of Minneapolis has twenty-five Red radicals to North Dakota's one! She has a hundred to our one! And if there is even a slight danger to North Dakota from Radicalism, then you Minneapolis fellows better look out for you have enough of them to forever damn you—damn you!

There is a wonderful stone structure in this same city of Minneapolis which houses the wealth of the city. It is a gambling house, and the fat boys drive up in their elegant cars, spend a couple of hours a day with their feet on mahogany desks, whiff big black Havanas, swear and talk loud and clip huge profits. This big building is called the Chamber of Commerce and the gamblers there are "high standing" members of the "Board of Trade." If that building had never been erected, and the "Board of Trade" or Chamber of Commerce had never been organized, North Dakota wouldn't have any trouble today. Those big boys have grown fat by manipulating and gambling in the produce of the North Dakota farmer! Instead of feeling sorry for us North Dakotans, the fat boys of the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce had best commence feeling sorry for themselves, for their days are numbered. There isn't a producer in that whole Chamber of Commerce outfit. They're a bunch of leeches who have sucked the blood of the producer, and now that the farmers of North Dakota have rebelled and organized to protect their interests, these

big fellows profess to be sorry for us ordinary citizens who live in a state where "radicalism" controls.

As for the North Dakota political mixup it is just as amusing as it is tragic. When we came to North Dakota, fifteen years ago, the Grand Old Republican Party was in control. There was a wing of this party known as the Insurgents. These Insurgent fellows went up and down state telling the farmers how they were being robbed by big business. The stuff we have handed you above about the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce isn't our dope and it isn't new. We just slipped it in to see how it would set with the fellows who peddled it so earnestly when they were endeavoring to wrest control of the state from the stand-pat Republicans. These Insurgent fellows were simply office-seekers. And they kept feeding the bunk about "Big Business" to the farmers—not to protect the farmers—but to get votes for themselves so they could break into office. But the farmers kept swallowing that bait until they believed it. And then along came Mr. Townley with his genius for organization. He brought the farmers together and instead of giving the public offices to the Insurgent bunksters, the farmers decided to take a few offices themselves. A program of legislation was formulated which produced laws that were believed to be for the betterment of the producer—the farmer. And every inch of the road has been contested by these same Insurgent office seekers, who instead of ballyhooing about "Big Business" and the "Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce," rushed to these big gamblers for backing and money to fight the farmer organization just as they fought

the Old Republican machine. You don't find the old staid stand-pat politician fighting the Non-partisan League, do you? Nope! It's just the same old gang of Insurgent office-seekers who are leading the fight and manipulating the so-called Independent Voters Association. We are not a Non-partisan and we don't care how soon they get licked and the other rascals get into power. We are not a member of the I. V. A. either. And we don't care a damn whether they win or not. We did belong to the old rock-ribbed stand pat republican gang and we're proud of it. And it is amusing to us to watch these Insurgent suckers howl because the farmers believed their fool dope about the old gang and all they accomplished by their many campaigns of Insurgency was to wreck the Republican party in North Dakota and put the farmers in power. They are still out of office and in the hope of getting their lips fastened to the public teat, they have reversed their gears and now it is the farmer who is ruining North Dakota instead of Big Business that was ruining it when the Republican party was in control.

A few days ago Cornelius Vanderbilt, scion of that first millionaire family of the land, came through North Dakota on an automobile tour of the west. He represents a New York newspaper as a special writer. In an interview in Bismarck young Mr. Vanderbilt said that the whole country has its eyes on North Dakota. They are wondering how we will be able to cope with radicalism that now has control of our state. That's fine dope, isn't it? How does he get that way? How does everybody outside the state get that way? We'll tell you.

When the Farmer Government and Farmer-controlled legislature provided for a bond issue to carry out the program of reform that they deemed expedient and necessary for the best interests of a purely agricultural state, these Insurgent ballyhooers and political prostitutes aligned themselves with Big Business and at the expense of the good name of North Dakota they set about to kill the sale of North Dakota's bonds. They knew if this bond sale ever took place there would be enough money on hand to finance the various projects of the farmer program and it MIGHT PROVE PRACTICAL AND SUCCESSFUL. That would never do! It would kill the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce! It would affect the loan shark! It would give the farmer justice and perpetuate him in office! So the good name of North Dakota and its credit also had to be blackened. And these same Insurgent jackasses who have ingrown itch for office set about to scuttle the ship.

We are not handing out a lot of bunk. We're telling gospel truth. We're damned hot in the collar about this assassination of North Dakota's good name and we are tired of having the fat boys sympathize with us because we live in North Dakota which they term the land of Bolshevism. Every last one of these I. V. A. Insurgent leaders and every last banker and broker and bond dealer in America knows if he knows anything at all that North Dakota's bonds are as good as gold! And they know that if sold they will be redeemed at par and that the state won't attempt to buy them in at a discount on a level with Liberty bonds like the Government has been doing! Just put that in your pipe and smoke it!

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How do they get that way? Just as we have pointed it out to you. Because the office-seekers and political shysters have—in their frenzy and chagrin at farmer control of the state—decided that if they can't guide the Ship of State they will scuttle it and sink it.

Bill Langer, former Non-partisan Attorney General and an avowed believer in the farmer program, broke with Townley and his leaders and came out as an independent candidate for governor at the last primary election. We hollered for Bill, donated to his campaign fund and bet our money on him. We hoped that he would be elected for we believed that his election would pacify the politicians for awhile and we believed that Bill was honest and would do his damndest to see that the farmer program was put through, that it would prove impractical and thus cure the disease. But he was defeated. He made a hellroarin' fight and was licked. And we're sorry because we like Bill. But we don't like his program right now. He isn't fighting for North Dakota and the farmer's program any more. He is fighting Townley. He has staged several joint debates with Townley in Kansas and Minnesota. He is helping the people outside North Dakota to "get that way." He is helping the Chamber of Commerce fellows and others to spread the belief that North Dakota is Socialistic, Bolshevik, Radical. He is probably getting a lot of satisfaction prodding his arch enemy Townley, but he is helping Townley draw crowds and is keeping alive agitation outside the state that is feeding fuel to this unfair fire that has been started and which threatens to consume the good name and the credit of his

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home state. The farmers of North Dakota are as loyal as the citizenry of any other state in the Union. It is true that some of the Non-partisan leaders and active members are Socialists. But when anybody talks about Socialism and Radicalism in North Dakota we want to tell you that it isn't here in one thousandth part as strong as it is anywhere in the Union. Every city of any size in the country has us outclassed for radicalism.

It is true that North Dakota is hard up. What state isn't hard up? Our condition isn't due to the Non-partisan League or to Socialism or Radicalism! It is due to the condition that is affecting every community under the sun during the period of readjustment following the war. Only we are a helluva lot better off than some of our sister states. We haven't any inflated land values to deflate. When Iowa, Illinois, Minnesota and a few other agricultural states with land values pumped up to as high as four and five hundred dollars an acre get back to somewhere near normal values, there's going to be a lot of grief along the road. North Dakota has the best crop growing right now that she has ever had and if you will just let us alone we'll show you more prosperity and show it to you quicker than you will find it anywhere else in the middle west. All this talk about the deplorable condition in North Dakota is just a cloud of bull and bunk. Don't you believe a word of it. Just quit slandering us and then offering condolences. We don't need 'em. Give us a square deal and we'll laugh at you with a harvest of prosperity that will make us the envy of every other state in the Union.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.

it was "pulled off" just precisely as per all such garrottings of justice!

The public was fed up with accounts of the coming trial of abortioneer Millikin, which was to be on the Triplett case. A postponement of the "trial" was granted on May 20 to June 13, to enable counsel to take depositions at Elkins, West Virginia, of some of the Triplett relatives, so as to show that "acute tuberculosis," from which abortioneer Millikin had the gall to claim Mrs. Triplett died, was a common disease in the Triplett family. But no delegation of counsel, as scheduled, went to take these depositions and our representative tarried at Akron to observe Millikin's polished finish! It was worth observing, too!

No trials were being held in the Common Pleas Court at Akron, on Friday, May 27, last, and that court room was practically deserted. Presiding Judge W. J. Ahern, abortioneer Millikin, the abortioneer's attorney and Prosecutor Doyle, casually slipped out of Judge Ahern's private office and into the court room at 10:30 A. M.

If this had been in a political convention hall, instead of in a court room, an onlooker might have suspected that a "slate had been made" and that "a deal was on," but as these events occurred in a temple of justice, of course no such suspicions can attach!

Prosecutor Doyle casually mentioned that he called up for trial the indictment of Millikin for a criminal operation upon *Miss Louise Vogt*. It was the Triplett case that was supposed to be for trial, it was the Triplett case that had

been adjourned so that depositions could be taken, but it was the *Vogt* case that was called. Bear that in mind. We will refer to this phase later on.

Did Millikin go to trial, did he make good his plea of Not Guilty, and did he fulfill any of his boastful protestations of innocence? He did not. He cravenly reneged, swallowed his boasts and pleaded Guilty to a criminal operation upon Miss Louise Vogt, whereby both she and her unborn babe lost their lives. Call this scene the Renegade Abortioneer's Plea and pass to the next sub-title, which we call the Prosecutor's Leniency.

Prosecutor Doyle just carelessly interjected at this stage that: "The Prosecutor's office has no recommendation to make in regard to the punishment of the defendant." But he casually added that: "In this case, as in other criminal cases, the conviction on one charge will mean that the rest of the indictments against him will be nolle." "Nolle" is lawyeresque for dismissed and annulled. Here is a strutting medico indicted for five cold blooded abortions and notice calmly given that if he can "get away" on one, the remaining four charges will be canceled! Here comes the next sub-title, which we call the Silver-tongued Plea:

Ex-Judge Anderson, abortioneer Millikin's goldenly actuated actor in this scene, cut loose with oodles of language. Anderson looks like a "Kentucky Colonel sah" and talked like one, too. He had about seventeen reasons—and all of 'em darned poor ones—why abortioneer Millikin should be tenderly treated by the Court. Boiled down, they come to

about this: That abortioner Millikin had been family physician for the Vogt family for some thirty years; that Miss Vogt had come to him in trouble after having made an unsuccessful attempt to perform the operation upon herself; that Millikin completed the darksome deed out of pity to save the family honor and that, anyway, Millikin was a public spirited citizen, fairly aburst with civic pride! But this goldenly actuated tongue of silver failed to mention—what Prosecutor Doyle knew, what Judge Ahern knew, and what abortioner Millikin doubtless knew—that there is an Ohio statute which provides in effect that if two consulting physicians agree with a third that a woman's life is in danger, the operation of abortion may be legally performed. In other words, had the circumstances justified it, abortioner Millikin could have safely and legally done what he criminally and illegally did do! But nobody in that Common Pleas Court at Akron, on that day on that case, was referring to that Ohio statute! Here comes the next sub-title, which we call Justice Slain in Her Temple:

Judge Ahern sternly dominated this scene. He represented the majesty of the Law! Justice—and common decency and human life, too—had been violated. The crime had been admitted and before him stood the guilty man, for whose punishment Justice cried aloud. Abortioner Millikin, when asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced, said nothing—perhaps because he had nothing to say, or perhaps because he knew it wasn't necessary! And thereupon, Judge Ahern sternly and

tersely sentenced abortioner Millikin for a term of from one to seven years in the Ohio State Penitentiary, and then in the next breath, suspended the sentence! If this wasn't "shadow boxing" and if this wasn't firing a blank cartridge, and if this wasn't one of the greatest travesties on Justice ever perpetrated in any court, what was it?

Incidentally, abortioner Millikin was forbidden to practice his profession, but inasmuch as he has acquired a competency, that punishment didn't cut very deep! Here comes the next sub-title, which we call No Defences Barred!

Revert now to the Triplett case, which was to have been tried, which wasn't tried and has now been legally canceled! Abortioner Millikin has been sued civilly for \$25,000 by the administrator of the estate of Mrs. Ida Triplett for causing her death by his illegal and criminal operation. Why was not the *Triplett case* called instead of the Vogt case? Was it because if Millikin pleaded guilty in the Triplett case his civil defence would be foreclosed and he would be compelled to compensate her children for the loss of their mother's life? You are entitled to guess and we are entitled to guess why the plea of guilty was accepted in the Vogt case instead of the Triplett case! What! Here comes another sub-title, which we call Another Brand of Justice!

On the same day in the same Common Pleas Court at Akron, Ohio, and before the same Judge Ahern, came up for punishment on the same plea of guilty, Charles Evans, a poor and friendless colored man, charged with wounding

—and not seriously either—his sweetheart. Evans hadn't killed nor been charged with killing anybody—let alone ten lives, born and unborn—but he drew a sentence of from one to twenty years in the Penitentiary—and it wasn't immediately "suspended," either! Here comes the "close up," which we call Two Brands of Justice.

Are there two separate and distinct brands of justice in Judge Ahern's Common Pleas Court at Akron, Ohio,—one for wealth and influence and another for poverty and friendlessness? Can a strutting, A. M. Atite, abortioner,—grown rich by his practice, whatever it was—who pleads guilty to one abortion and with four more like indictments hanging over his head, swagger out of Judge Ahern's court a free man with his hands stained deep with human blood, while a poor man for a petty crime gets a Penitentiary sentence? Can two such brands of justice be handed out on the same day in the same Court, by the same Judge? Brethren, they can be, for they were! Wealth and influence confessedly as guilty as Hell, draw a blank cartridge, and poverty and friendlessness draw a center shot of infamy!

These six criminal cases—five against influential abortioner Millikin and one against friendless, petty criminal Evans—are closed. Our representative was there and the Court records are there and we say that no blacker records on one day ever defaced any Court in this or in any other land! Judge Ahern may be the heluva jurist—though we reserve our doubts—but this "shadow boxing" with wealth and influence and this walloping poverty and friendlessness

in the midriff on the same day, from the same bench, in the same Court, "doesn't go" with Jim Jam Jems! Doubtless it's law—in Judge Ahern's Court—but it's as rotten a misbrand of justice as ever germinated in human brain cells!



A Modern David Harem.



WHEN we refer to "a modern David Harem" we don't mean David Harum—the "hoss" trader—but rather the old "hoss" himself. In this instance the "hoss" is named Benjamin. At Benton Harbor, a prosperous little city in Michigan, just across the lake from Chicago, is located "The House of David," established there in 1906. But let us first observe two "Houses of David":

Here is the first one at Jerusalem as reported in the 11th Chapter of the Second Book of Samuel. "But David tarried still at Jerusalem. And it came to pass in an eveningtide that David arose from off his bed and walked upon the roof of the King's house; and from the roof he saw a woman washing herself and the woman was very beautiful to look upon. And David sent and inquired after the woman. And one said, is not this Bathsheba, the daughter of Eliam, the wife of Uriah, the Hittite? And David sent messengers and took her." A battle was being staged and David wrote to his General, Joab,

this letter: "Set ye Uriah in the forefront of the hottest battle and retire ye from him that he may be smitten and die." General Joab so did and Uriah was "smitten" and died, and Bathsheba was permanently annexed by David, joined to his flock of wives and became the mother of Solomon.

Observe now a second House of David—far in time and distance from Jerusalem—at Benton Harbor, Michigan. Brethren, would you like to dwell in kingly comfort without toil, surrounded by a coterie of youthful femininity, supported by the toil of many men, and practically the dictator of an industrial bee hive? Of course you would. Very well then, invent a new religion, the weirder the better. You can't make it any too weird. Banish barbers, grow a hirsutical tangle of hair and whiskers. Work a combination of hair and hokum and gall and gas. The more absurd and outre and nonsensical you can make the whole works, why the more deluded men, the more hypnotized women and the more festoons of "long green" you can annex! Think of Old Alexander Dowie—and oodles of other prophets for profit!

Benjamin Purnell, formerly of Kentucky, now head of the House of David at Benton Harbor, Michigan, has grabbed the idea—and the resultant easeful life of a loller. Thusly did the canny Benjamin work it—with a medley of hair, hokum, buncomb and a mess of Scripture! Along back in 1700 an Angel of the Lord is supposed to have casually called on one Johanna Southcott in England and broke it to Johanna that she had been chosen to be the first mes-

senger mentioned in the Book of Revelations, whose duty it was to break the first of the seven seals, and that six messengers would follow after, each breaking a seal and each receiving the word of prophecy.

After Johanna Southcott, other "messengers" came, but their messages didn't "get over." Finally, Benjamin Purnell, from Kentucky, upreared himself as the seventh messenger and founded his "House of David" at Benton Harbor, Michigan. Some call him and his followers "Holy Rollers" and others call 'em "Holy Terrors."

David of old put Uriah in the forefront of battle and the head of the House of David at Benton Harbor puts his men in the forefront of industry, while he lolls at his ease, surrounded by fair femininity. He's married, too—but so was David of Jerusalem.

We took a look at this modern House of David. Two of the "Holy Terrors"—with faces and heads festooned with long and tangled cootie garages—run the original Toonerville Trolley from Benton Harbor to the House of David grounds.

Reaching this modern, sacred ground of the House of David, on one side is an ordinary row of frame buildings with a stone building at the further end. The first building has a sign on it, informing the world that it is "Jerusalem," the next, "Bethlehem," and so on to King Benjamin's headquarters, the stone building called "Shiloh"—the gathering place of the people. All these various houses, with the exception of Shiloh, are joined together by a triple arch with a glowing sign, telling the world that it is the "House of David," and erected in 1906.

Passing through the triple arch you reach the printing shop, wagon shop, power house, tailor shop, barns, aviary, a small wireless station, and a variety of other buildings. About the only thing missing is a barber shop for, "Thou shalt not round the corners of thy head nor mar the corners of thy beard" and "no razor shall come upon thy head," are a brace of King Benjamin Purnell's edicts, grabbed from Holy Writ. All men wear flowing beards and flowing hair—with the hair sometimes rolled under the caps—but on show days it valiantly whips the wind. The women never trim their hair, but allow it to sprout luxuriantly. Young boys, with sprouting clumps of facial spinach, get a big laugh. It's a hairy mess of cootie nests tangled about this modern House of David!

Economically, these House of David folks are preternaturally shrewd. They garner in all the shekels possible, supply almost all their own wants and pay out but little. They have no Church, no Sabbath, no set form of prayers and no hymns. Their religion is apparently a conglomeration of a maze of creeds with a judicious mixture of hokum, hair and buncomb! They are all going to be saved, body, soul, hair and spirit! And the members of the House of David never die. When one of 'em does die he "falls from grace," has "lost his faith" and will never share in the blessings of the rest of the tribe!

They say that salvation of the soul is assured to all men, but that only the members of the House of David (limited to just exactly 144,000) will be saved in the "altogether," B. V. D.'s, hair and all! And when so "saved" they are

going to reign—as priests and kings—eternally with Jehovah. The astute—and “toot” is right, too,—Benjamin trades toil and submission of his followers to him in the Here for promises very shrewdly made, redeemable in the Hereafter. If you can marshall coteries of toiling and subservient men and women Here and give 'em post-dated checks on the Bank of Salvation, we'll say you're some financier! That's King Benjamin's hairy and hoary method. And you can't say it's a fake, because the day of presentation for payment hasn't yet dawned. It you're a Holy Roller or a “Holy Terror” you can just let your hair grow, work likehel and await results. King Benjamin gets his results here and now.

King Benjamin does not encourage matrimony. The Holy Rollers do not presumably roll together. Still, King Benjamin, the head of the modern House of David, is a little up in the air on this tenet of his pseudo religion. He taught that it was sinful to marry and have the stork alight at the doors of the House of David, because only 144,000 could be saved, and it would be deucedly unfortunate if 144,013 presented credentials! It might queer the whole scheme if the stork really got a flying! Still, there was a large mess of presumably unattached young women ricocheting about the House of David, with a mess of young men presumably unattached. An investigation impended. Therefore, there was staged a wholesale marriage fest, thusly: A group of young girls were marshalled into the council room and confronted a group of men, with whom they were—theoretically at least—unacquainted. It was a

matrimonial lottery with no blanks, doncherknow! Each man wrote down the name of a member of the opposite sex whom he'd just as soon marry—as long as marriage was the order of that day in the House of David! And so 'twas done.

Mrs. Hilda Pritchard Hansel describes, under oath, how she was drawn in this wholesale matrimonial lottery. “I was forced to marry this man (Russel Hansel) to please the commander. My sister, who underwent the same treatment, and I were too young to understand. So when they told us that we would have to marry we were trustful and agreed. There were eleven other girls. We were taken into a room, lined up against a wall, and then our prospective husbands looked us over. I drew Russel Hansel. I had never seen him before. They told us that if we refused we would be imprisoned on an island in the northern part of Lake Michigan.” Hilda had her matrimonial bonds—welded on in this instantaneous courtship market—chiseled off in Judge Baldwin's Court in Chicago.

Mrs. Edith Clarke, a member of this weird religious menagerie—whose affidavit started a Government investigation into the House of David methods—relates how King Benjamin took eleven men, thirteen women and some moth-eaten animals from his “Ark” to Chicago to a street fair where they sold post cards and exhibited the animals and themselves. The affidavit then continues:

“He certainly knew how to fool those men and women. You see, according to his teachings, they could not as much as look at each other. But it was different with Benjamin.

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He could do what he wanted to, and did. Don't live with anyone, he would tell the women, but I will be your Ishi husband."

Two excerpts from the "Rules and Regulations for the Kingdom of God," published for the House of David and marked "Secret," are interesting:

"No young people sleeping with old people."

"All who sell or have charge of money collecting must give up all at supper time and at evening." King Benjamin "kneads" the "dough"! You know he does.

Here are some of the experiences of Mrs. Augusta Fortney Halliday, one of this "religious colony," as retold in her suit for divorce:

"At the time we were married, Benjamin made each girl sign an affidavit that she had not been intimate with him. My sister, Lena, and I objected to his overtures and were always out of favor. I have talked with sixty girls at the colony. Benjamin told them that he was king and that a king could do no wrong. Benjamin keeps the husbands and wives apart."

As a result of some of Mrs. Halliday's charges, "Prince" Coy Purnell, son of King Benjamin, declared that Mrs. Halliday was a perjurer. Whereupon, Mrs. Halliday sued for damages and a jury at Marquette awarded her six cents damages. This would seem to vindicate the charges which were in effect that the House of David was a House of Jazz.

Here is a list of some of the girls—sixty of them—who dwelt under the aegis of the "seventh angel," Benjamin

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Purnell, head of the House of David. Whether or not they were "treated rough," they were certainly "caught young."

Name.	Years in House of David.	Age when listed.
Miriam Hannford	10	27
Miriam McFarland	10	20
Annie Foust	11	20
*Lena Nornbeck	11	18
Minnie Foust	11	16
*Harriet Bauschke	11	18
Myrtle Sassman	8	18
Violet Tulk	10	21
Myrtle Tulk	10	18
Florence Tulk	10	27
Lillian Tulk	10	26
*Geena Hornbeck	9	17
Grace Goodwin	9	20
Lillie Burkland	11	19
*Marian Croft	8	23
Mabel James	9	20
Eva Lane	5	26
Flora Lane	5	24
*Ione Smith	9	22
*Dollie Wheeler	9	19
Ada Ross	8	30
Winnie Murphy	10	27
*Violet Tucker	10	20
*Ethel Tucker	11	25
*Roxie Holliday	11	25

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Lucy Candle	11	25
May Candle	11	24
*Olive Craigg	11	21
*Madle Craigg	12	20
Jane Glover	12	28
Elsie Vaughn	10	28
Vernie Reed	4	18
*Gladys Heffrey	8	16
*Leona Rossetta	8	26
*Amanda Trotter	11	23
*Ruth Smythe	11	18
Laura Mote	8	22
Ada Jeffreys	3	25
*Cora Rowley	6	36
Ruby Bauschke	2	16
Beula Robinson	11 1/2	16
Annie Robinson	7	17
*Mamie Foust	10	19
Annie Wolff	11	25
Gladys Hill	8	16
*Irene Sassman	10	19
Hilda Pritchard	8	21
Georgia Paterson	8	18
Laura Plank	11	18
Berthan Bell	10	17
Mary Ranger	11	34
*Ida Walmer	11	26
Lena Johnson	11	16
Eula Candle	11	15
Velma Vaughn	3	16

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Amanda Glover	11	15
Mabel Blackburn	10	14
Eunice Godwin	8	14
Ellice McFarland	10	15
Florence Craigg	11	17
Clara Boyette	11	16

Those marked with "*" were married.

Here are portions of Mrs. Isabelle Pritchard's experience, in her own words, of some of the doings in the earthly abode of "Seventh Angel" Benjamin Purnell in the modern House of David. Mrs. Pritchard is the mother of Rena and of Hilda Pritchard. Rena, in the marriage lottery, "drew" a man named Sassman, and Hilda "drew" a man named Hansel—from whom she obtained a legal annulment.

"Fourteen years ago I was persuaded to join Benjamin and his followers. I was in Melbourne, Australia and became so enthusiastic, not only did I bring my two daughters but also paid the passage of another family.

"We were taken in by Benjamin and placed under his rule, the first law of which is utter obedience. We listened and believed his theories of absolute purity and the necessity for wives and husbands to live apart, that the day might be hastened when the entire race might be pure.

"We worked for Benjamin; I went to the post card stand selling postals to the summer tourists who visited the strange colony where I took in as much as \$2,000 during a summer season. Rena and Hilda worked in the tailor shop Benjamin runs, played in the girls' band and did other things.

"Benjamin decrees when a girl shall marry and whom

she shall marry. It was so when both my girls were married. Rena was married to a man named Sassman, to whom she had never spoken more than two words. Hilda was married to a man named Hansel.

"I did not know at that time that it was Benjamin's plan to marry off girls after they were kept in his house, which he calls Shiloh. The girls were kept silent by some strange power.

"There are signal lights about Shiloh. There is one big white light in front of the place with which everybody is familiar. But there are two other lights, which mean other things. There is a green light high on the building, which means danger and there is a red light, which means something else.

"These are shown so that they may be seen all over Benjamin's property, where guards are stationed night and day.

"We planned to leave when we could. We were afraid of the guards. Benjamin is actually a king there."

Incidentally there is a man's band, a woman's band, a boys' band and a girls' band. Also there is a baseball nine composed of long-haired, long-bearded players, with their cootie garages bespangling the diamond! All of which lures more shekels into Benjamin's sack!

Numerous investigations of the House of David have been staged, but all have flivvered—just as they got really interesting. Governor Ferris of Michigan was going to push one—but it never finished. Uncle Sam started one—but quit! Perhaps this will jazz things up!

Mebbe it's perfectly all right for this long-haired, long-whiskered Seventh Angel to run an industrial plant complicated with scores of young girls housed in his house of "Shiloh," with its signal lights where the real doings are shrouded in gloom, with young married people kept asunder and babes interdicted, with banishment to a lonely island for the disobedient, with its wholesale marriages when ordered by King Benjamin, and with the whole smear ruled with all the pomp and panoply of a sceptered king—and mebbe it isn't. And why, why are young girls, just before their marriage in wholesale batches, required to sign an affidavit that they have not been intimate with the hirsute old Seventh Angel? "Doth he not protest too much?"

It would look to a casual observer as though Big Ben—the Seventh Messenger—should be deluged with the biblical "Seven Vials of Wrath" administered by an outraged public. The old hoss should re-christen his colony "David Harem" or "The House of Jazz." A white glove may conceal a dirty hand; the cloak of religion often covers a multitude of sins. Funny how an old hoss like Benjamin can mix up a mess of hair and hokum, jazz and Jesus, brass and buncomb, revelations and regulations, birth control and brass bands, mystery and matrimony, mazuma and mythical rites, establish a colony of old fools and young girls, make his own laws, enforce them, and get away with it under the cloak of religion. But Benjamin has done it for fifteen years and so far as we know he hasn't yelled for any help. Shades of Brigham Young! We take off our hat to Big Ben of "The House of David."

Stinking Fish.



ABSOLUTELY—with accent on the “loot”—the most putrid swindling of the public is by the putrid fish route. Murder by ptomaine poisoning, selling tainted fish to bale up tainted money, has reached that point of commercialized putrescence where a wallop is due. The daily press—for reasons best known to itself and which do not influence JIM JAM JEMS—clamps a Maxim silencer over these events.

We are going to pillory two peddlers of putrescent food. We refer to the Tenakee Fisheries Company of Seattle, Washington and to the Alaska Fish Company of the same place.

The Tenakee Fisheries Company tried to “get by” with two shipments of canned putrescence thusly: There was one shipment of 1,465 cases of 48 cans per case, or 70,320 cans of “Talls Monogram Alaska Pink Salmon” made by

this concern. There was another shipment of 2,680 cases of 48 cans per case, or 128,640 cans of “Talls Bugle Brand Pink Salmon,” made by the same concern. This totaled 198,960 cans of food intended for human consumption. These shipments were grabbed, examined and charged to be in effect a “filthy, decomposed and putrid animal substance.” Did this Tenakee Fisheries Company—fishing in the pools of human credulity with tainted bait for good money—indignantly deny this charge and prove or seek to prove the purity and wholesomeness of its product? It did not. It—being hopelessly caught—smugly admitted the fact and gave large bonds conditioned, among other things, to destroy the junk and to separate out, if it could, what was not “filthy, decomposed and putrid!”

The Alaska Fish Company, of Seattle, Washington, also tried to “get by” with two putrescent shipments intended for human consumption. The first shipment was 1,097 cases of 48 cans of salmon to the case, or 52,656 cans labeled “Tall Seaketch Brand Pink Salmon.” The second shipment made by the same concern was 1,940 cases of 48 cans of salmon to the case, or 93,120 cans labeled, “Tall Seaketch Brand Pink Salmon.” This totaled 145,776 cans of alleged food intended for human consumption. These shipments, like the Tenakee Fisheries Company’s shipments, were charged to be in whole or in part a “filthy, decomposed and putrid animal substance.” Did this corporate canner of filth deny the charge, litigate and triumphantly prove its falsity? It did not. It calmly admitted the charge, gave

large bonds and endeavored to separate what was decomposed and putrid from what was not!

Front these dastardly attempts to poison humanity just as they are. Here—and for profit only—are these two corporate canners of decomposed filth endeavoring to sell for human food oodles of the most virulent poison—“putrid animal substance!” Daily you read of human beings poisoned and dying of “ptomaine poisoning.” What is “ptomaine?” It’s putrefying animal matter—always producing the most violent suffering and often death!

What we say is this. Somewhere behind these greedy corporate buzzards and all their like are concealed biped vultures of predacity who strive to market and sell these slugs of poison—purely for profit! Somewhere behind these corporate canners of empoisoned filth are so-called human beings responsible for these tinned poisons! They should be grabbed by the scruff of the neck, hauled into the light of day and pilloried in the courts for what they really are—potential murderers casting poison broadcast!



Blueing America.



OUR good old U. S. A. is going “bluey” if a combination of blue nosed “reformers” and political place hunters, cluttering up this land, can put it across. Their special graft is censorship of motion pictures—the fourth largest industry in this land. Your Declaration of Independence tells you that you are entitled to “life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.” According to these indigo probocised fanatics your forebears were mistaken and all you’re entitled to is your “life”—and that saturated with “blueing” to cimmerian darkness! Your “liberty and the pursuit of happiness” are going “bluey” and you are going to limp along life’s pathway clanking chains and engyvements of Puritanical ironmongery!

Here are the facts. During last winter’s open legislative season bills “censoring the movies were introduced into

twenty-eight legislatures. Only four "got by." These bills—blue nosed buzzards' "bills" protruding into the public's pockets—are all alike in substance. They all provide, in substance, that a coterie of high salaried obligarchs in each state of this U. S. A. is going to tell you just what you can see! Their taste would be your taste and through their blue lenses you would view screen life! Also there would be just forty-eight varying shades of indigo as dyed by the forty-eight holier-than-thou censor oligarchies in each one of the forty-eight states! What would go "bluey"—and "blooey" too—would be the American public's greatest source of pleasure and this land's fourth greatest industry! Anent all of which JIM JAM JEMS craves hearing before another open Legislative Season permits Puritanism and Graft to again load its poisoned indigo gas shells.

Pelf paid "reformers," with their ragtag and bobtail hordes of "graft" attaches, with their blue noses ever snooping into other people's affairs and with their blue lips ever athirst for the public teat pestiferously clutter up this land and fairly exhaust the fool killer! Run back the reel of fact and observe some "reformers" simian antics in their roll of pleasure assassins. It's a real reel that's worthy of your gaze.

Do you remember when Dime Novels—full of Indians' exploits and of hunters' prowess—so dear to the boyish heart—were "ruining the youth of America" and when hordes of red eyed "reformers" were clamoring for their suppression? Well, Dime Novels are still being read by

scores of thousands and "American youth" isn't yet "ruined!"

And for years you've heard—and for that matter hear yet from a mess of self-elected snoopocrats—that the soothing cigarette meant "moral and physical decay of the youth of America." And why, God bless you, a combination of cigarettes and Dime Novels simply meant a weaving of the hangman's noose! Well for the last fiscal year there were just 44,804,493,262 tailor made cigarettes smoked in this land! And overseas the "cigarette-ruined youths of America" gave a pretty good account of themselves, didn't they? Piffle! Slush! Indigoed B. S.!

Card playing was a "devil's device!" Pulpit pounders and bible bangers—aghast at the harmless pleasure of card playing—beggared their vocabularies in denouncing card playing! Card playing meant gambling and gambling meant more "ruined youth of America!" Well, "everybody's doing it"—playing cards—and still the "youth of America" hasn't toppled into Hell's pit!

And dancing! Why pleasure sandbaggers and recreation assassins made the welkin ring and fairly split heaven's dome yipping and yapping about dancing. It was alright for various Biblical characters to "dance before the Lord," and to reap a head on a charger for doing it too, but for American boys and girls to time their steps to melody and harmony was to hot-foot it to the Devil! It was all right for some goat-whiskered deacon or for some high-chokered sky pilot to prostitute sisters of the flock on altars of lust

but for American boys and girls to harmlessly waltz together was to "recruit bawdy houses" and to "betray innocence!" Well, American young people are still "daneing their way to the devil" and haven't got there yet! There was something wrong about these sky pilots' charts to Hades, wasn't there? Must have got their routes mixed!

And bicycles! Why for a young woman to free her legs from long skirts, don short skirts or bloomers and pedal her way through Jehovah's sunshine, beneath bowers of green and beside rippling rills was to "pedal her way to the Devil"—and to peddle her virtue too! It was absolutely all right to sit in a stuffy church and listen to some throat-spavined "man of God" drone out descriptions of pearly gates, jeweled parapets, golden pavements and gem encrusted "mansions in the skies" but to ride a bicycle and to see with real eyes Jehovah's real masterpiece of creation on a Sunday was to book passage to Hell!

Here are five phantoms—dime novels, cigarettes, card playing, dancing and bicycling—at each one of which reformdom bloviated and bellowed! Each one of them in turn—according to indigoed yippers and yappers of reformdom—was going to "ruin the youth of America" and none of them ever have!

Pelf paid "reformdom" and predaceous graftdom welded together for the despoilment of the public—either by taxation or by increased admission price to moving picture shows—are now carefully setting up their sixth "bogey man," moviedom! They want to censor, and censure it too,

into lifelessness. They want to delete life's facts, to befool the youth of the land into a false paradisaical attitude of nincompoop ignorance and to enshroud real events in a non-existent aura of false prudery! They want to emasculate the real events of real life into a nondescript mongrel phantom, midway between the Westminster Shorter Catechism and the Rollo Books! They want to set up an oligarchy founded upon their weird ideas of false prudery and dictate what 110,000,000 people shall see on the screens! They want to put their own "blue" goggles on every pair of eyes in the U. S. A. and make them see real life's real events through banks of indigoed clouds! Or, to change the figure, they want all human beings in the U. S. A. to lugubriously march in step in a "blue" haze to the funeral dirge of "The Dead March in Saul!"

See how this beating of tom-toms against a non-existent phantom really works in practice. Look at some facts. "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," without a hint or a suggestion of lasciviousness from preface to finis, is "bad" in just twenty-three spots according to the sacrosanct Pennsylvania Board of Censors. Look at this example of super-prudish asininity! There is one scene where the old Argentinian anxiously awaits the birth of a grandson. The title is "It is a boy!" This was obscene to the holier-than-thou eyes of Pennsylvania censorship! So this super-sacrocant band of inspired censorship damphoolishness altered the title to the meaningless farrago of "The boy is better!" Can you beat it? Is motherhood obscene? Is

birth lascivious? Would censorship nincompoop super-asininity of prudery delete from the Bible Christ's Advent in the Manger and erase from canvas the Madonna? How come into this world Philadelphia "squab" anyhow? And are birth announcements to be deleted from the Philadelphia press?

Sanctified snoopocrats of censorship object, with tip-tilted noses and with bony hands upraised in horror, to showing on the screen any pictures of murders or suicides. They're so crime-inspiring and "sow seeds of criminality in the youthful mind!" But these self same haloed "reformers" so aghast at depicting crime worship Shakespeare and his masterpiece of "Hamlet." And the play of "Hamlet" contains five murders and one suicide! Are they going to delete "Hamlet" from Shakespeare and are they going to prevent the rendition of "Hamlet" on the stage because it's "crime inspiring?" Is murder on the stage helpful and on the screen harmful?

Would they delete from the Bible the greatest Crime of the Ages, the Crucifixion of Christ because murder is "crime inspiring?" Will they blot from canvas the magnificent painting of Christ on the Cross because it is "crime inspiring?"

And dancing depicted on the screen is so lascivious and "poisons the fount of youthful purity!" Did any vampire vamp ever vamp on the screen than Salome who won John the Baptist's head on a charger? Do they delete this from their Bibles and forbid their children to read of it?

And feasts and banquets and wine bibings on the screen "pollute the minds of youth!" Has any orgy on any screen ever equaled Belshazzar's Feast as staged in Holy Writ? Do they delete that from their Bibles? Is a Belshazzar's Feast a warning in the Scriptures and a temptation on the screen?

And a divorce scene on the screen "desecrates the sanctity of marriage" in the jaundiced eyes of movie censors! Have they cut out from the front pages of their daily papers the concentrated nastiness of the Stokes and of the Stillman divorce cases so that the "minds of childhood may not be polluted"? You bet they haven't! You bet their eyes devoured it and the eyes of their children too! Are pages of divorce salaciousness with all their wealth of detail in the daily press productive of purity and then their bare mention on the screen obscenity? That's what we want to know! How did these back-action, reverse-g geared mental midgets get that way? Why are birth and motherhood, murder and suicide, dancing, feasting and divorce details—wherever written, printed, painted and delineated—perfectly all right, helpful, instructive and full of warning to youth in the eyes of "reformdom" and of graftdom except on the screen? Brethren right here and now we tell you.

These dervish dancers of "reform" and graft, welded into one slug of sandbaggy absolutely—and with accent on the "loot" too—intend to legally sandbag the great industry of Moviedom. No other industry offers so rich a prize to the leering eyes and to the grasping claws of graft-

ing "reformers!" They counterfeit horror at what horrifies nobody! They hysterically stage a ghost dance about a phantom and want to get real money for slaying a non-existent dragon! They rave about lasciviousness, libidinosity and obscenity where they don't exist; they pacanize birth and motherhood, murder and suicides, dancing, feasting and divorce in literature, in art, in paintings, on the stage and everywhere except on the screen; they swallow greedily huge flagons of all these details from every possible source and then sanctimoniously gag at one drop of them depicted on the screen! And why? Just because "there's money in it!" Just because they want to entwine in their claws of predacity—covered with the white glove of sanctimoniousness—festoons of the "long green!"

That's why, brethren, that's just why and that's the only "why" grafting "reformdom" is seeking to create a phantom of non-existent obscenity in Moviedom and then to shoot at it—at your expense!



If Christ Came to Wyoming.



IF Jesus Christ came to Wyoming and "healed the sick" He would be jailed! Wyoming is the forty-seventh star, in population magnitude, in Uncle Sam's constellation, but it ranks the highest in American Medical Association quintessence of venomous bigotry. Stamp these facts on your mental matrix.

Dr. J. H. Jeffrey, chiropractor of Casper, Wyoming, is being persecuted by American Medical Association trade malice and is serving a ninety day sentence in the Natrona County Jail solely because he would not "hinge the pregnant knee" to A. M. A. oligarchy and buy his freedom by paying a fine. Instead of paying a fine and appealing to the Supreme Court, he went to jail and appealed to the Court of Public Opinion. That Court has just handed down one of the most walloping decisions ever filed.

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It comes in the form of a petition signed by ninety of the best citizens of Casper, petitioning that each of them be permitted to serve a day in jail in the stead of Dr. Jeffrey, and that he be released! Here's the petition, so unique that we print it.

"We, the undersigned, citizens and taxpayers of the County of Natona, believing that in the conviction and sentence of Dr. J. H. Jeffrey, chiropractor, who is now serving a sentence of 90 days in your custody, there has been a serious and flagrant miscarriage of justice and realizing that a great hardship and injustice has been done, not only to Dr. Jeffrey, but to his patients, and feeling that we should do something to alleviate this situation, most respectfully petition you to permit each one of us to serve one day of his sentence. If you grant our prayer one of our number will present himself or herself each day at 9 o'clock A. M. to serve 24 hours, until such time as the sentence shall have been passed.

"We do this that Dr. Jeffrey's patients may not be deprived of the care and attention their health demands."

Here follow the names and addresses of the ninety signers, comprising many of Casper's best citizenry. Of course the petition was denied.

The fact is that Dr. Jeffrey had so successfully treated human ills that he had delivered a series of the most impacting wallops upon the ultra sensitized pocket nerves of the A. M. Atite Jesse Jameses! He was charged with no lack of skill, nor with imperiling any human life. He hadn't

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bestrewn in human anatomies and sewed up in them gauze, nor forceps, nor sponges, nor surgical instruments, nor eyeglasses—as has been done by A. M. Atite traducery! His real crime was success and damming gold's flow to his persecutors.

Also the fact is Wyoming A. M. Atite greed has succeeded in lobbying and logrolling through the legislature an iron-bound, concrete-bottomed, copper-riveted statute for its own trade benefit. Without defacing our pages with its monopolistic language, the fact is that in Wyoming you must serum squirt, pus punch, nauseate with drugs or butcher with human cleavers if you would treat human ills! Any other avenue of relief leads to jail portals. In Wyoming A. M. Atite bigotry has built around itself a legal wall, a medical "Walled-Off Hotel," inside of which it may grunt, wallow and stick its fore—and four too—feet in the trough to its swinish content. Have you, in Wyoming, relieved human suffering without using the tools and poisonous druggery of A. M. Atite witchcraft? If you have, a jury has no more discretion than haltered minions bound to the golden chariot of A. M. Atite greed, and you're a criminal! In Wyoming it isn't a crime to drug or butcher humanity into the tomb, but it is a crime to save humanity from the tomb except by A. M. Atite orgies! In Wyoming organized murder, amid the acclaims of the Undertaker's Trust, lines A. M. Atite pockets with "long green" lining, and unorganized saving of human life drives the saver jailwards!

How would it be, came Christ to Wyoming?

At Cana Christ healed the nobleman's son; at Capernaum, He healed Simon's wife's mother, who lay sick of a fever; and in the synagogue a man who had a withered hand; and the centurion's servant of the palsy; and a woman afflicted ten years with an issue of blood; and two men of blindness; and a man afflicted with palsy borne by four bearers; at Chorazin, He healed a leper; at the Pool of Bethesda He healed a man who had been impotent for thirty-eight years; at Decapolis He restored hearing and speech to a man deaf and dumb; at Bethsaida He restored sight to a blind man; at the Pool of Siloam He restored sight to a man blind from birth; at Galilee He healed a woman who had been eighteen years afflicted; at Jerusalem He healed one man of dropsy and ten of leprosy; at Jericho He restored sight to a blind beggar and opened the blind eyes of Bartimeus, and at Gethsemane He healed the ear of the servant of the High Priest!

Could Jesus Christ come to Wyoming and cure human ills as He did on Galilee's shores almost a score of centuries ago? He could not—according to the A. M. Atite hogocracy of greed! They'd jail Jesus Christ—if they could—or any other being, human or divine, who didn't subscribe to their dead language druggeries, to their pus and serum orgies and to their rites of butchery! Jesus Christ made no Latin prescriptions for nauseous drugs, nor slugged no poisonous animal excrecences into human blood streams. And not only did He not rebuke drugless healing, but He commended

it. Is the A. M. A. greater, wiser and more beneficent than was Christ Jesus?

By what right does the Wyoming Medical Association arrogate to itself the exclusive monopoly of healing human ills? Why almost a score of centuries ago, the Greatest Being—human or divine as you will—who ever trod this petty planet, foreclosed such arrogant pretensions! But yet, should He come today to Wyoming and heal human ills—without the A. M. A. rites of witchcraft—the greedy vultures would jail Him! They'd jail anybody, fine anybody, prosecute and persecute anybody, who alleviates human suffering without their mumbo-jumbo mummeries!

Incidentally also, in the A. M. Atite preserve of Wyoming, you must get a medical certificate O. K. before you can marry. Ere long doubtless in that A. M. Atite paradise you will be required to obtain an A. M. Atite breathing permit and get it renewed daily—for a fee! But your burial permit will come along in the good old way, reading about thusly—"operation successful but patient failed to rally"!



Anglophile Lickspittleism.



WHEN a man strutting about in the uniform of his country—whose bread he has eaten for forty-five years—clutters up the cables with a mess of nauseous Anglophile verbal treacle and unAmerican venom we reach for our trusty typewriter. We just can't help it.

We refer to Admiral William S. Sims who entered the American Navy in 1876 and has ever since lived off his country which he now misrepresents in "dear old Lunnon doncher-know"! In touching off his verbal gas-bag at a luncheon of the "English—and English is right too—Speaking Union" he erupted thusly. "I do not want to touch on the Irish question for I know nothing about it and I haven't found any Englishman who does. But there are many in our country who technically are Americans, some of them naturalized and some of them born there, *but none of them Americans at all.*

"They are Americans when they want money but Sinn Feiners when on the platform. They are making war on America today.

"The simple truth of it is that they have the blood of British and American boys on their hands for the obstructions they placed in the way of the most effective operations of the Allied Naval forces during the war."

So Americans can't sympathize with Ireland in her deathless battle for freedom nor put bread in her starving mouths nor aid her sons in the worthiest cause on this planet without being in effect branded as traitors in the World War in which they sacrificed their lives and their treasures to win? Scores of thousands of Irish birth in this U. S. A.—born here too—swallowed their hatred of Great Britain's barbarities of over seven hundred years in Ireland and fought Great Britain's cause with blood and gold in the World War—only to be branded as unAmerican by a gold laced popinjay eating their bread at that!

When Irish-born and Irish-descended Americans fought by scores of thousands on Flanders fields—many of them leaving their bodies 'neath its poppy blankets—and when millions of Irish-born and Irish-descended Americans bought Government Bonds by billions were they obstructing the "effective operations of the Allied Naval forces during the war?" You know they weren't and no blacker venom-tipped insinuations were ever spat from human lips than this lickspittle Anglophilistic American Admiral spewed forth. Can't Admiral Sims curry enough favor in British

purlicus without seeking to blacken Americans who have supported him in luxury for over two score years? Whose money supports him in splendor, Uncle Sam's or John Bull's? If American bread—and American sentiments which no sycophancy can smother—are so distasteful to Admiral Sims why doesn't he quit Uncle Sam and pin his allegiance where he pins his adulation, on George the Fifth?

We notice that Secretary of the Navy Denby—who had the guts to enlist as a private in the Marines during the war—has "called" this treacle drooling misrepresentative of his Department in a very curt cable! Sims should be muzzled ere he sails abroad with the muzzle opened thrice daily for the American paid rations and then closed. Anglophilistic treacle drooling adulator Sims commenced consuming American air in 1856. The age of retirement is sixty-four. We don't care how soon he is "retired"—nor how far in the Rear either!



The Tail Wagging The Dog.



WATCH a tail fatten and stiffen and a dog grow weak and thin, until the tail wags the dog all o'er the landscape. We refer to the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Company, once the dog—now the tail—and the Western Pacific Railroad Company, once the tail—now the dog. Yegg men, "con" men and jimmy experts are just pitiful pikers compared with interlocking directorate safe breakers. Some six thousand looted—and many of them beggared—stockholders in the Denver and Rio Grande Company have tied up their "securities" in bands of crepe as a result of some "high finance" legerdemain. Here are the facts.

The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Company was a prosperous dividend paying property. High finance in its inner councils, proposed to build a subsidiary line to the Pacific coast called the Western Pacific Railroad Company. The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Company made the

Western Pacific Railroad Company enormous advances evidenced by \$30,000,000 of its promissory notes and by a second mortgage for \$25,000,000. The Denver & Rio Grande Company was a creditor of the Western Pacific Railroad Company to the tune of \$55,000,000 in real money advanced to its subsidiary. There was a first mortgage on the Western Pacific ahead of this \$55,000,000 indebtedness to the Denver and Rio Grande Company. Default was made—and it is charged by the swindled Rio Grande stockholders was purposely made—in the payment of interest on the Western Pacific first mortgage. Thereby a foreclosure was made possible. It was foreclosed and the \$30,000,000 promissory note, and the \$25,000,000 second mortgage held by the Denver & Rio Grande dog—and its plundered and innocent stockholders—was thereby emaciated by just \$55,000,000 at one stroke of the pen on this foreclosure decree! But this was just the first reel in the scenario run off by the interlocking directorate camera.

After this a suit was brought for breach of an alleged and pretended and unenforceable agreement by practically the same interests and a judgment for \$38,000,000 was recovered against the Denver & Rio Grande Company. In the first place the Denver & Rio Grande Company never derived a dollar of benefit from this so called agreement—one of the most unconscionable ever written. And in the second place, a similar one attempted to be “put over” had been held worthless and invalid and unenforceable by Judge Day in a like case of lootage. But for some hidden reason

this defence was never set up and the tail—the Western Pacific interests—was fattened by \$38,000,000 more carved from the dog—the Denver & Rio Grande Company. First \$55,000,000 of real money was made junk and then \$38,000,000 of debt—for which not one penny was ever received—was piled on the Denver & Rio Grande Company. High Finance and interlocking directorate manipulations had carved \$55,000,000 of fat off the Denver & Rio Grande Company and then strapped \$38,000,000 of debt on top of the vacuum—a difference of \$93,000,000!

Then the tail—the Western Pacific interests—flailed the dog, the Denver & Rio Grande Company most vigorously and thusly. Under this \$38,000,000 judgment the tail stripped all the free assets from the dog, including \$3,000,000 in Liberty Bonds, all its interest in the Utah Fuel Company, which had been paying for years over \$500,000 dividends and was worth upwards of \$10,000,000 and several millions of dollars in cash in banks! The tail, the Western Pacific interests practically ran a vacuum cleaner through the free assets of the Denver & Rio Grande Company dog. On top of that a Vice-President of the Western Pacific was appointed Receiver for the Denver & Rio Grande Company and cleaned all the rest of its property and free assets for the upset price of \$5,000,000! This completed the legalized piracy, and, subject to its bonded indebtedness, the tail has grabbed the dog and cleaned it of practically every asset except an undetermined and shadowy claim against Uncle Sam growing out of Federal control!

Denver & Rio Grande stockholders by this series of legalized banditries are wiped out. The \$50,000,000 preferred stock of the Denver & Rio Grande property, formerly selling for and worth over \$100 per share, is now kicked about at one dollar a share. In order that a few rich men might be, and have been, made enormously richer, savings bank depositors, trusts and widows and orphans have been shamefully looted! A yegg man is an angel of mercy compared with interlocking directorate sand-baggers of high finance, who perpetrate such burglaries!

No wonder that the very name of Wall Street stinks! No wonder that the buzzard roosts of Manhattanese high financiers get an occasional bombing! No wonder that radicalism enlists new recruits.

It is such doings, whereby the pantries of the poor are despoiled for the golden laden platters of "high finance," that breed socialism and will breed worse unless the loot be returned by the despoilers! It is such legalized jimmyings with interlocking directorate "high financiers" leaning hard on the pry end, which turn hard working, saving producers into orrie-eyed "reds"! It's just such doings which make of law a byword and of justice a travesty!

If there is any real law in this land we would like to see a few strands of it braided into scorpion lashes and laid o'er the backs of some of these interlocking directorate bandits despoiling honest investors! We'd like to see some of these buzzards of "high finance"—such as pulled off this Denver & Rio Grande stealage—stripped of their stolen golden plumes and stood up as a target for swindled investors! Wouldn't you?

Georgia Atrociousness.



WE do not refer to Georgia in Europe, where banditry and atrocities have run riot for many centuries, but to Georgia in the U. S. A. It took the impact of 135 atrocities in Georgia within two years to arouse Governor Hugh M. Dorsey to what was really happening in his own commonwealth. He says: "No effort has been made to collect cases. If an effort were made, I believe the number could be multiplied."

So do we!

Governor Dorsey further says: "In some counties the negro is being driven out as though he were a wild beast. In others he is being held as a slave. In others no negroes remain. In only two of the 135 cases cited is the 'usual crime' against white women involved."

We are going to hand you a series of facts—almost beyond belief in this land—admitted by Governor Dorsey

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and scheduled by him as occurring in Georgia. And then we are going to hand you some facts from Georgia—which Governor Dorsey very carefully doesn't mention!

Governor Dorsey refrains from giving the names of the counties, or the names of the victims, but there is not the slightest doubt as to the truthfulness of the events. We schedule them by counties.

County Number 1. A negro was arrested and carefully left in jail by the sheriff without any guard. A mob lynched the negro. No prosecution resulted.

County Number 2. A negro attacked by a farmer shot the farmer in self defense. The farmer is alive. The negro was lynched. No prosecution resulted.

County Number 3. A negro charged with assault was tied to a tree and shot in January 1921. No prosecutions resulted.

Counties Numbers 4 and 5. In a dispute a negro, acting in self defense, killed a farmer. While the negro was under arrest he was taken from a train by a mob, hung and his body mutilated. No prosecutions resulted.

County Number 6. A negro suspected—merely suspected—of murder was taken from jail by a mob of 3000 people and burned to death over a slow fire while the torture was prolonged as long as possible. No prosecutions resulted. No, this wasn't Rome under Nero, it was Georgia under Dorsey.

County Number 7. A negro left the farm of a white farmer. He was arrested and carried back and offered

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“for sale” to another farmer for \$50. In this county peonage ran riot and the owner of one farm therein has been indicted for the murder of eleven negroes on his farm. He was found guilty. Three of his sons, also indicted, are fugitives from justice. Beatings, shootings and peonage were common events. The scenes of slavery's worst days were daily reenacted!

County Number 8. Pitiful letters are printed detailing revolting abuses. A negro lynched. No prosecutions resulted.

County Number 9. A white man employing negroes received notice to cease their employment—or “everything you have got will be burned to the ground” by night riders.

County Number 10. Negroes employed on railroad work were terrorized and driven from the camp.

County Number 11. A negro was taken from his home and barbarously beaten. Miniature coffins, gruesomely painted, were left at homes of other negroes with notices to leave the district.

County Number 12. Here reenters the Ku Klux Klan. Outrages against negroes having occurred in this county the Governor wired the sheriff to protect them. The sheriff replied in effect that he did not believe the Ku Klux Klan committed the outrages, but the sheriff's letter bore the seal of the Ku Klux Klan with this endorsement upon it: “Endorsed by Cameron Klan—No. 17—Realm of Georgia”. What's the use of a Governor or any sheriffs in Georgia? Let the Ku Klux Klan rule it!

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We pass by scores of atrocities scheduled and detailed by the Governor of Georgia as having occurred in the past two years and entirely unavenged, for lack of space, and refer to a typical one in County Number 21. In this county lived a negro about sixty years of age. By toil and thrift he had accumulated a farm of 140 acres where he lived with his wife and twelve children. During the war with Germany this negro bought \$1,000 worth of Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps. He also headed a negro organization which raised between ten and eleven thousand dollars for Government Bonds. A white man—who could neither read nor write—owned the adjoining farm. When articles appeared in the local press praising the negro for his success the “white” man said: “He’s getting too damned prosperous and biggity for a nigger.” Thereupon the “white” man raised a pretended claim to a part of the negro’s farm and the trouble commenced. The negro, his three daughters and a son went to the county town. The town marshal approached the negro and said; “I have a warrant for you.” The negro replied; “What have I done? Read your warrant.” Thereupon the marshal struck the negro in the face with his pistol knocking him down. Other white men rushed upon him and choked him and beat him. Two of his daughters started to his assistance. A “white” man kicked one of them in the stomach. The other daughter started to wipe the blood from her father’s face. All the negroes, father, three daughters and son were locked in jail, refused medical attention and refused information of

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the charges against them. In fact they were charged—with precisely what they didn’t do—with resisting an officer. They were tried. The father was sentenced to twelve months in the chain gang and a fine of \$250. The daughters were fined \$50 each and the son \$100. The negro paid the fines of himself and his children. The negro’s wife and small children were at home while the negro laid in jail. A mob, led by the town marshal, kicked in the door of the house at night and shot it up. The next day the woman and her children fled never to return! The only offense of this negro, the head of this family, was his thrift. It cost him his liberty, his money, his home and his scattered family to be thrifty in Georgia, U. S. A!

So—through twenty-six counties—in Georgia runs this stream of horrors in only the past two years, vouched for by the Governor of Georgia, who says that by investigation they might be “multiplied”. In devilishness and in subter-brutish atrociousness they rival any horrors of war perpetrated by the Germans in Belgium or by the Belgians themselves in the dark Congo!

But Governor Dorsey carefully refrains from giving you the really interesting facts, which we are going to give you, anent the rank of his State in the Lynching Roster! From our morgue—which we maintain for just such purposes—we disentomb these records for the years 1885-1919 inclusive. In the Southern States here is the Lynching Roster in the order of its barbarity.

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Georgia	419
Mississippi	393
Texas	294
Louisiana	289
Alabama	253
Arkansas	218
Tennessee	198
Florida	173
South Carolina	120
Missouri	84
Oklahoma	81
Virginia	75
North Carolina	68
West Virginia	36

Total 2,701

And amid all these lynchings—2,701 covering 34 years—in the Southern States not one lyncher was brought to justice! You can roast alive, mutilate and carve “the dark meat” in the South with immunity, with impunity and amid plaudits!

During the same period, 1885-1919 inclusive, in the rest of the U. S. A. there were just 375 lynchings—44 less than in the state of Georgia alone!

So, out of 3,076 lynchings Southern States perpetrated 2,701, or almost ninety per cent! And out of all the lynchings in the U. S. A. the State of Georgia, with but 2.7 per cent of the population, perpetrated 13.6 per cent of the lynchings! If all the stars of the States in Uncle Sam’s

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constellation had twinkled—and winked, too—with lynchings as gaily as has Georgia you would have had 20,112—instead of 3,076—lynchings in this land during that 34-year period!

Governor Dorsey has given you a record of just a few atrocities—135 of ‘em—in his State covering a two-year period. We have handed you the real facts of lynchings alone covering a period of 34 years. Look ‘em over! Look ‘em right in their embruted faces in this land where “life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness” are guaranteed to every citizen, white or ebon! If there be a blacker record in any zone of civilization—apart from war horrors—we wot not of it. It’s a record which disgraces nude cannibalism in darksome jungles! It’s a record so black that charcoal would make a white mark on it!

Georgia ranks twelfth in population, ninth in Church membership, but first in lynchings in the U. S. A.!

Why not give Turkey a “mandate” to civilize Georgia? Why not send some “foreign missionaries”—as we do to other benighted lands—to introduce the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments to the 1,234,132 Church members in the State of Georgia?

The next time we raise billions of money and millions of men to subdue and avenge inhuman savageries and barbarities overseas, let’s spare enough of both—at home—to acquaint Georgia with American civilization! The next time we start a crusade “to make the World safe for Democracy” let’s include Georgia, U. S. A.!

Divorce De Luxe.



A PEPTIMIST—the precise opposite of a pessimist—is one who makes lemonade from the lemons received on life's journey. Mrs. Ervine J. Brandeis, of Omaha and San Francisco, is a peptimist. Matrimonially, Mrs. Brandeis drew a lemon in the shape of Ervine J. Brandeis of Omaha.

It took the toil of a grandfather, a father and two uncles to uprear for Ervine J. Brandeis of Omaha, the hugest department store between Chicago and San Francisco. It was the work of years, but it only took sixty minutes for Mrs. Ervine J. Brandeis to annex \$400,000 from the pile! Here's her lemon "aid" schedule.

At 8:30 A. M. Mrs. Brandeis goes a "courting" in Judge Wakeley's court. At 8:40 A. M. Mrs. Brandeis testifies. At 8:45 A. M. Mrs. Brandeis closes her testimony.

At 8:50 A. M. Mrs. Brandeis' French maid testifies.

At 8:55 A. M. Mrs. Brandeis' French maid closes her testimony.

At 9:00 A. M. Judge Wakeley signs a decree of divorce, awarding Mrs. Brandeis \$400,000 alimony.

At 9:05 A. M. Mrs. Brandeis enfolds in her pink palm a certified check for \$50,000 on account.

At 9:30 A. M. Mrs. Brandeis smilingly receives the \$350,000 balance and in the evening entrains for San Francisco.

If this isn't divorce de luxe, what is it?

And her tale of "cruelty" on the stand would wring tears from a graven image, too! It is seldom that any such series of matrimonial atrocities see the light of day. Here it is:

"Ervine has been cruel and negligent for the last two years."

"He has been inattentive and has spent little time at home.

"Ervine was so loving and attentive when we were first married, but his love grew cold and he has had little, if anything, to do with me for two years.

"He has spoken harshly and gruffly to me."

Here's the French maid's patois corroborative tale of woe:

"Mr. Brandeis was not a good husband to my mistress. He talk harsh. He talk gruff." Spectators were barely able to restrain their tears as this scenario of unexampled marital brutality unrolled itself in Judge Wakeley's court. Judge Wakeley's emotions, aroused at the recitals of these atrocities, did not prevent his prompt signature to the divorce decree thoughtfully prepared in advance. Incidentally, a nine months' baby—never yet beheld by Mr. Brandeis—went along with the \$400,000 to Mrs. Brandeis!

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Four hundred thousand dollars in real money, a regular baby and a perfectly good divorce grabbed off in sixty minutes, give Mrs. Brandeis the speedster's record as a lemonade squeezer from a lemon of a husband. Mr. Brandeis' attorney was present at this bitter legal "contest," but very considerably refrained from any embarrassing cross examination. Even Judge Wakeley tapped no fountain of tears by any questions as to the details of the inhuman "cruelty" suffered by Mrs. Brandeis!

"Cruelty" in Nebraska—like a Mother Hubbard gown—envelops the subject and never touches it! If "harshness" or "gruffness" or a little cooling of the ardor of first love constitute "cruelty" justifying a divorce,—with all the "long green" side trimmings—the bonds of matrimony are about as binding as a gossamer thread!

What's the difference between such a "marriage," such a "divorce" with its golden alimony lagniappe and ordinary concubinage, with a fat courtesan's fee? Mr. Brandeis, with his inherited millions, can sample—if he chooses—many other tid bits from the matrimonial market, at only \$400,000 per sample!

Mrs. Brandeis can—if she chooses—annex another multimillionaire, be again the victim of "cruelty" and chisel off another bank roll!

The "holy" bonds of matrimony—under the Nebraska act—are about as "holey" as a Swiss cheese and as odiferous as its Limburger brother! It's naught but legalized concubinage reduced to roue lagniappe and a courtesanship fee. And we're "agin" it!



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